

Nosferatu: I KILL TO LIVE!

# SCREAM



75¢

47821

NO. 10

OCT

1974

T.M.



**SPECIAL**

The Art of  
Killing Human  
Monsters!

Tales out of Hell:  
**THE EVIL OF  
RASPUTIN!**



## THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET

Edgar Allan Poe's only novel — a masterpiece in horror — is now adapted to the Horror-Mood illustrated-story format as a 25 page titanic tale of terror, by artist Lopez and writer Hewetson — it'll be appearing soon in these pages so miss it not — it's a collector's item for all lovers of the macabre and of the weirdest weird writer who ever lived.

A HORROR-MOOD BLOCKBUSTER



# SCREAM

NO. 10 OCTOBER 1974

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

cover artist

BOADA

contributors

MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY  
JESUS DURAN FABA CESAR LOPEZ  
EDGAR ALLAN POE PAUL PUEYO  
PAUL PUIGAGUT ZESAR

## My Flesh Crawls

Our esoteric COVER STORY — a montage of wild thoughts, weird deaths and horrific images in a tale to tease your imagination ... page 4

## Dracula

WITHIN THE DUNGEONS OF CASTLE DRACULA the young Count Dracula learns the lessons of torture from his father — lessons which will stand him in good stead when he comes to face CREATURES IN THE NIGHT ... page 16

## Murders in the Rue Morgue

The classic tale of horror by the most famous macabre author of all time — Mr. Edgar Poe conducts this mystery, often thought of as the WORLD'S FIRST DETECTIVE STORY ... page 28

## The Art of

## Killing Human Monsters

A delightful photo-feature all about the most delightful creatures, behemoths and fiends you'd ever want to meet — or KILL ... page 41

## The Stranger is the Vampire

A tale that answers the most-often-asked-question in TRANSYLVANIA a couple of centuries ago — namely: Who is the vampire? — of course, you're right, it ISN'T the stranger ... page 47

## Tales out of Hell

RASPUTIN, the Mad Russian Monk, and WALTER THURBER, reincarnate of four previous personalities are the stars of this ill-fated lapse into the horrors of yesteryear ... page 57

SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER. REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESemblANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISCOURAGED BY CABLE NEWS.



...THIS STORY IS AN INSIGHT  
INTO FEAR!

...TRANSYLVANIA, 1789... IN EVERY CITY, IN EVERY VILLAGE, IN EVERY MOUNTAIN-  
TOWN, SHUTTERS CLOSE WHEN NIGHT RISES, DOORS ARE LOCKED AS THE MOON  
REPLACES THE SUN AND THE COLD DARKNESS REPLACES THE HOT WHITENESS  
OF DAY... FEAR!

# MY FLESH CRAWLS

...THE PEOPLE WHO DARE  
TO WALK THE STREETS  
Huddle in tight groups,  
muttering prayers,  
chanting curses to  
protect themselves from  
the unknown things that  
lurk in dark alleys...  
**FEAR!**

...**FEAR** keeps their doors  
closed--**FEAR** keeps their  
minds forever worrying,  
forever nervous and  
anticipating the worst of  
all fates--**FEAR!**

--THIS TALE IS A STUDY  
IN **FEAR**--IT RAISES  
MANY QUESTIONS, NOT  
THE LEAST IMPORTANT OF  
WHICH IS THE PROVERBIAL  
QUESTION OF WHO IS  
THE VICTIM--

--THE SCENARIO THIS  
ESTABLISHED, SO STARTS OUR  
TALE--



...IN CHILDREN'S BEDROOMS GARLIC IS STUNG UP UPON  
THE WINDOWS, CHRISTIAN CROSSES ARE HUNG IN CHAINS  
AROUND THE SLEEPER'S NECKS AND HUNG ABOVE THE  
WOODEN BEDS... **FEAR!**



WRITTEN BY  
ALAN HEWETSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOB MARTIN

KOLOSK, A TINY MOUNTAIN TOWN NESTLED WITHIN THE LOOMING, BLACK CREVICES OF THE MIGHTY CARPATHIAN ALPS... NIGHT FALLS, SHUTTERS ARE DRAWN, DOORS ARE LOCKED, GARLIC AND CROSGES ARE HUNG -- KOLOSK PREPARES TO GO TO BED!



-- THE STREETS ARE ALMOST EMPTY -- ALMOST, FOR THERE ARE 2 BEINGS ABOUT THIS NIGHT -- ONE A POTENTIAL VICTIM, A BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG BARMAID RUSHING HOME FROM THE TAVERN WHERE SHE WORKS...



-- THE OTHER, A POTENTIAL FIEND, LURKING IN THE DARK ALLEYS, SKULKING LIKE A DEMON IN HELL, SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM -- SEARCHING FOR BLOOD!



-- AND WHEN THEY MEET, THEY EACH BALK AN INSTANT, NOT KNOWING IF THE OTHER IS FRIEND, FOE, OR VICTIM --



-- A QUESTION QUICKLY DECIDED, WHEN THE HUMAN MONSTER TAKES THE INITIATIVE AND LAUNCHES HIS BARBARIC ATTACK -- AN ATTACK FROM WHICH THERE IS NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL -- FOR THE MIGHTY VAMPIRE IS ALWAYS THE MIGHTY VICTOR!



...IN THE MORNING, THE VILLAGERS FIND THE  
WRETCHED REMAINS OF THE VICTIM...



...AND GROUP TO PLAN SOME POSITIVE ACTION,  
TO PREVENT THE DEATH OF ANOTHER...

AS YOUR MAYOR,  
I INVEST **LEGAL**  
**AUTHORITY** UPON ALL OF  
YOU MEN -- FOR THIS NIGHT  
ALONE, YOU ARE ALL  
OFFICERS OF THE  
**LAW!**



THERE ARE  
WEREWOLVES AND  
VAMPIRES IN OUR  
MIDST--TONIGHT WE  
MUST **HUNT** THEM OUT  
AND **PURGE** THEM  
FROM **KOLOSK!**

...AND THE MONSTER  
WHO LIVES WITHIN  
THAT CASTLE  
MUST BE THE  
FIRST TO **DIE!**

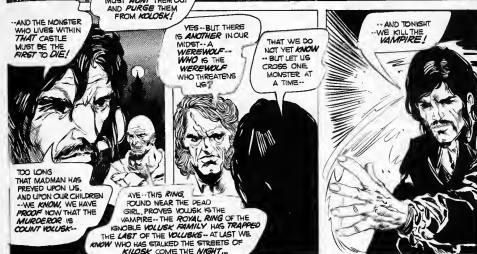
YES--BUT THERE  
IS **ANOTHER** IN OUR  
MIDST--A  
WEREWOLF--  
**WHO IS THE**  
WEREWOLF  
WHO **THREATENS**  
US?

THAT WE DO  
NOT YET **KNOW**--  
--BUT LET US  
CROSS ONE  
MONSTER AT  
A TIME--

...AND TONIGHT  
--WE **KILL** THE  
VAMPIRE!

TOO LONG  
THAT MADMAN HAS  
PREYED UPON US,  
AND UPON OUR CHILDREN  
--WE **KNOW**, WE HAVE  
**PROOF** NOW THAT THE  
MURDERER IS  
COUNT **VOLUSK--**

AYE--THIS RING  
FOUND NEAR THE DEAD  
GIRL, PROVES **VOLUSK** IS THE  
VAMPIRE--THE **ROYAL RING** OF THE  
KNOBLE **VOLUSK** FAMILY HAS TRAPPED  
THE LAST OF THE **VOLUSKS**--AT LAST WE  
**KNOW** WHO HAS STALKED THE STREETS OF  
**KOLOSK** COME THE NIGHT...



-- NIGHT AGAIN FALLS UPON  
NEARBY KOLOSK--THE MACABRE  
CASTLE THAT LOOMS OVER THE  
VILLAGE GROWS DARK TOO, AS  
CANDLES ARE SNUFFED AND  
COUNT WILHEM VOLUSK  
PREPARES TO **LEAVE** ON HIS  
**HUNT FOR BLOOD--**

BUT AT HIS OWN MAIN GATE HE IS MET BY THE  
VILLAGE--COME-TO-**ARM**--THE PEOPLE OF  
KOLOSK ARMED WITH KNIVES AND PITCH-  
FORKS, THEIR FLAMING TORCHES LEAPING  
INTO THE CHILLED AIR--THEY ARE OUT FOR  
HIS BLOOD--

THE TABLES ARE TURNED  
NOW, THE FIEND BECOMES  
THE VICTIM, (OR FOR NOW  
THE **POTENTIAL VICTIM**)  
AND TURNS AND FLEES  
BACK INSIDE HIS HOME,  
PURSUED BY MEN WITH  
**MURDER** IN THEIR  
HEARTS--

--HE IS CHASED  
BY THE MOB  
WITHIN THE DARK,  
DANK ALLEYS OF  
THE CASTLE--

--HE IS PURSUED WITHIN ITS  
INNERMOST RECESSES--

--AND FINALLY CORNERED  
AND TRAPPED LIKE A  
**WILD ANIMAL!**





-- BUT THERE IS ONE OTHER BEAST LOOSE IN VOLOSK-- A WEREWOLF. IF YOU RECALL-- WHO NOW STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS AND CONFRONTS THE FEAR-STRICKEN COUNT--



**YOU!!**



YES-- IT IS I--  
--THE VILLAGERS ARE AFTER  
**BLOOD**, COUNT VOLOSK--  
THEY MEAN TO HANG  
YOUR HEAD ON A  
SPYKE IN THE CENTER  
OF TOWN!

WHAT HAS THAT  
TO DO WITH YOU?  
AND ARE YOU--ARE  
YOU NOT AFRAID  
FOR YOUR OWN  
SKIN?



YES-- I AM AFRAID--  
THAT IS WHY YOU MUST  
BE THE ONE TO DIE  
HOPEFULLY DIVERTING  
THEIR ATTENTIONS  
FROM ME--

YOU ARE MAD-- ONCE THEY  
TASTE BLOOD THEY WILL WANT  
MORE-- THEY WILL GO AFTER  
YOU WITH A VEHEMENCE!



PERHAPS,  
AND PERHAPS NOT  
--I HOPE NOT. IT  
IS MY ONLY PRAYER  
-- BUT NOW YOU \*  
KNOW WHY I  
CONFRONT YOU!

WHY?-- JUST TO  
TELL ME THIS?  
-- THEY WON'T GET  
TO ME-- I HAVE  
EVASDED THEM!



THEY WANT  
YOUR BLOOD  
-- AND I WILL  
GIVE IT TO  
THEM!



THE VAMPIRE  
IS DEAD -- YOU  
KILLED HIM  
ANTON --

YES -- I CAUGHT HIM AS  
HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE  
THE MAIN GATE --  
-- HE WAS SO INTENT UPON LOOKING  
BEHIND HIM HE RAN STRAIGHT INTO  
THE BLADE I HAD TAKEN FROM HIS  
COAT OF ARMS --



SO -- THE VAMPIRE IS  
DEAD -- AT LONG LAST THE  
FIEND WHO HAS KILLED OUR  
DAUGHTERS AND OUR  
FRIEND'S DAUGHTERS  
IS DEAD!



LET US  
REMOVE HIS  
HEAD--

--YES-- WE'LL **DISPLAY**  
IT IN THE **CENTER OF**  
TOWN FOR ALL TO SEE  
--AS A **WARNING** TO  
EVERY **MADMAN** WHO  
WOULD DARE **THREATEN**  
OUR **LIVES!**

I WILL **SPIKE**  
IT AND **DISPLAY** IT-- I  
**KILLED** HIM, IT IS MY  
**RIGHT**-- I WANT TO  
SEE THE **SKULL OF**  
THE **VAMPIRE ROT**  
IN THE **DAYLIGHT!**



BUT THERE  
IS **ANOTHER**  
MATTER WE  
MUST NOW  
DISCUSS--

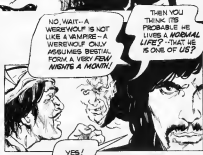
--WHAT?  
THE **VAMPIRE**  
IS **DEAD!**

FORGOTTEN?  
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN  
HIM, I AM SURE WHEN  
HE SEES THIS HEAD HE  
WILL BE FRIGHTENED OUT  
OF HIS **WITS**-- I'M SURE  
HE WILL **FLEE** VOLOSK,  
NEVER TO BOTHER US  
AGAIN! DON'T YOU  
THINK SO?



ANTON--HAVE  
YOU FORGOTTEN  
**ANOTHER** FIEND  
WHO **STALKS** THE **STREETS**?  
HOW COULD YOU HAVE  
FORGOTTEN THE **WEREWOLF?**





YOU--ANTON  
MAHLIMA--

ME? NO--NO YOU  
ARE MAD! I KILLED THE  
VAMPIRE--AND WITH A  
SWORD!-- IF I WAS A  
WEREWOLF WHY SHOULD  
I KILL HIM WITH A SWORD?

THIS IS A CHEAP  
SWORD--AN ORNAMENTAL  
SWORD FOR USE ON A  
COAT OF ARMS!

WHY INDEED, ANTON? WHAT WERE  
YOU DOING WITH THE SWORD IN  
THE FIRST PLACE? DID YOU  
EXPECT TO KILL THE VAMPIRE?  
OR DID YOU INTEND TO  
STEAL THE SWORD?

YES--YES,  
I HAD **STOLEN**  
THE SWORD--

YES--AND A SWORD THAT  
IS **USELESS**--FOR THE BLADE  
IS NOT EVEN **SHARP**! YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE RUN THROUGH THE VAMPIRE  
WITH SUCH A **BLUNT SWORD**, ANTON!

NOT UNLESS--  
NOT UNLESS YOU HAD **SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH**--  
THE STRENGTH, SAY, OF THE **WEREWOLF**!

NO--NO--FOR GOD'S  
SAKE--PLEASE, YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND--IT'S A CURSE--  
--I-I DON'T KILL BY CHOICE--  
ONLY BECAUSE I MUST, TO  
SATISFY A LUST--AN **INHUMAN**  
LUST--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND  
--PLEASE--PLEASE--

...THE TABLES ARE FOREVER TURNING--ONE  
MOMENT THE VICTIM IS ONE PERSON AND THE  
NEXT INSTANT THE DICE HAVE FLOPPED OVER  
AND THE PURSUER BECOMES THE PURSUED--  
THE GAMES OF LIFE AND DEATH ARE FOREVER  
REVERSING THEMSELVES, AND ALWAYS,  
ALWAYS--**FEAR** IS THE ETERNAL VICTIM!

## THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG



Welcome to the 10th (gosh!) issue of SCREAM! We hope to HELL you enjoy yourself here-in, and we hope if you DO enjoy yourself you'll run around and tell everybody else, not for OUR sake, for your FRIEND'S SAKES, they're missing out on something GREAT! Share your love of illustrated horror with a friend — turn him onto SCREAM or PSYCHO or NIGHTMARE.

Correspondence from MIKE A. MORRIS of Oxford, England.

"Last month, for the first time, somebody had the bright idea of sending a batch of your mags to England. If the sales at our local shop are anything to go by, Skywald have quite a following here now. Why? Certainly there's no lack of morbid mags and scary sheets: D.C. and MARVEL, along with the occasional WARREN, are amply represented. Therefore, your mags must be something hot! As far as This Reader is concerned, long may you reign. I guess not carrying a C.C.A. symbol must limit your circulation somewhat, but that doesn't worry many people in these parts. One thing surprises me about your artists, Duran and Vila Nova, and most of their colleagues are so proficient that I was surprised that I hadn't heard of them before. They must be either incredibly loyal or the Waldman brothers must keep them chained down. I enjoy the movie features and stories like "Monster, Monster on the wall" (from which you might gather we get your mags about ten months out of date) best.

Anyway, keep up the good work.

Thank, Peace and the rest."

Thanks Mike — we're delighted to be making it into England these days. Yes, our artists are loyal, and yes, the Waldmans' keep them chained to their art desks. The Waldmans' aren't brothers, but father and son — Herschel the son, Israel the father, or is it the other way round? —

A note from DAVID WRIGHT of Lewisburg, Tennessee: "Enjoyed your SCREAM July, 1974. I REALLY enjoyed it, especially when they include bare breasted women. Keep up the nudes."



now on sale

The very-special HORROR-MOOD special-edition you've all eagerly awaited has arrived — it's on sale right now. Don't just sit there — y'all run out and GET it, unless you've already got it, in which case you may as well stop reading this because it's only a plug. This SPECIAL EDITION (don't be confused by crass imitators) is called NIGHTMARE #22 and should be available right now at the same magazine store you got THIS magazine. If it isn't, it's the fault of the store owner, who maybe isn't aware that YOU will buy this magazine regularly at his store. Tell him. Go ahead — TELL HIM you will buy these magazines regularly at his store. If he won't stock them, threaten to punch him in the face and never step foot in his dumpy store again. Also, call him names and insult his lineage. Kick up a fuss — why should you walk five miles just to buy this magazine on the other side of the city? Yell at the newsstand man on the corner and DEMAND he carry your favorite HORROR-MOOD title — All of 'em, in fact!

More helpful hints on how to insure your getting every issue of this magazine will appear on future letters pages.

A word about the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT. Check it out now, HORROR-MOOD maniacs, on pages 26 and 27 of this issue. You'll note that every time we make up a new ad many of the old issues are sold out. We kid you not — if there are missing issues in your HORROR-MOOD collection you'd better remedy that fact by ordering TODAY — tomorrow will be too late!





## the Mummy KHAFRE

THE MUMMY KHAFRE is a brand new horror-mood character, unveiled so to speak in NIGHTMARE #22, that's the TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL. EDITOR you've all been awaiting. The artist is CESAR LOPEZ, the writer is AL HEWETSON, a great team for a great new character. But don't take OUR word for it — check out THE FUNERAL in that macabre issue and judge for yourself! — on sale NOW.



You will note, dear reader, that THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, chapter 5, is not in this SCREAM #10 as perhaps you expected. It is not possible to maintain high quality in a 20 page story by one artist and produce it in less than a month. SUSO is an artist of supreme calibre — and we didn't even ask him to meet the one-a-month summer schedule of SCREAM — we knew YOU'D understand. THE VICTIMS will appear along with the next chapter of NOSFERATU (missing from this issue for much the same reason) in SCREAM #11, on sale 11/28/74 so miss it not!

... Thanks also to KEVIN HOGT of Indiana, LANCE STRANAHAN of Florida, EARL SHAW of Georgia, GLENN SANBORN of Georgia, JERRY CULLINS of North Carolina (favorite all time Horror-Mood story — THE HUMAN GARBOYLES — I can identify with them), BOB DAPP Jr. of Pennsylvania, PAUL SHETTLER of Ohio (AL HEWETSON is best, LEN WEIN was best — I buy your mags because you get more comics for your money and because you sometimes get GOOD stories), JIMMY BOESERBERG of New York State and TIM LYNCH of Connecticut — writers of just a few of the hundred-or-more BEHEMOTH BUNCH QUESTIONS pages we've received in the last single WEEK, since the first issue with the coupon page hit the newsstands across the country. We'll have a lot more for you in issues in the following months, and someday soon we'll get around to announcing

the winners of the free mags — if you don't have your BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS page in to us — send it in NOW.

ALAN HUDSON writes, "I am of the opinion that your megazines: PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM, in various ways, far exceed the quality your competitors, in the aspect of realism alone. That's all I have to say!"

... That's certainly enough — thank you for your kind words

That's all for this ish folks — make sure you don't miss TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION (NIGHTMARE 22), now on sale. If you have something to say — write — if not, enjoy reading.

R.I.P

## ARCHAIC AL



DRACULA LIVED A LONG LIFE--MANY LIFETIMES OF HORRORS--THIS TALE IS A FRAGMENTED MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS--THE MASTER VAMPIRE--LORD OF THE LIVING DEAD...IT BEGINS WHEN DRACULA--WAS BUT A CHILD IN TRANSYLVANIA IN THE 18TH CENTURY...



# A FRAGMENT IN THE LIFE OF DRACULA CREATURES IN THE NIGHT!

WHEN YOU COME OF AGE, SON--OR WHEN I DIE, YOU WILL RULE WALLACHIA--YOU ARE A MONARCH--NOBLE BLOOD RUNS THROUGH YOUR VEINS--AND TO YOUR SCHOOLING MUST BE MUCH MORE THAN SIMPLE LITERATURE, LANGUAGES AND HISTORIES...

...YOU MUST ALSO LEARN POLITICS--YOU MUST ALSO LEARN HOW TO LEAD YOUR PEOPLES, HOW TO CONTROL THEM, HOW TO ADMINISTER JUSTICE...



CONDON 7/4



COME WITH ME DOWN TO THE DUNGEONS--THERE, I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FACTS OF LIFE AND DEATH--I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO JUDGE YOUR PEOPLE--AND HOW TO PUNISH THEM!

THE HORROR OF THIS CHAMBER IS NOT SO FEARED AS THE FEAR OF IT--

--I MEAN TO SAY, THAT THE PEOPLE OF WALLACHIA FEAR THIS DUNGEON--AND THE FEAR ALONE IS ENOUGH OF A DETERRENT, USUALLY, TO PREVENT THE ORDINARY MAN FROM COMMITTING A CRIMINAL OFFENSE!

THEN WHY DO SO MANY PRISONERS FILL THE CELLS, FATHER? DO THEY NOT FEAR THE TORTURE?



A WISE QUESTION, LAD./ YES, THEY FEAR IT-- BUT THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY MEN-- THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS. MOST OF THEM, WHO ARE SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE ORDINARY MAN-- THESE MEN GAMBLERED THEY WOULD NOT BE CAUGHT-- THEY GAMBLERED AND LOST!



WRITTEN BY  
ALAN HEWITTSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
CARDONA



LET ME **SHOW YOU** THE VARIOUS **DEVICES**--  
--THIS DEVICE IS KNOWN AS THE **RACK**--IT CAUSES  
TERRIBLE **PAIN**--IT IS USED IF A **CONFESSION** IS  
REQUIRED--NO MAN **EVER** WAS PUT TO THE  
**RACK** WHO DID NOT **EVERYTHING**  
WHETHER THE

CONFESS TO  
HIS TORTURER WISHED,  
VICTIM WAS GUILTY  
OR INNOCENT...



THIS INSTRUMENT **SUSPENDS**  
THE PRISONER OVER **OPEN FLAME**--  
--THUS **TORTURING** HIM BY THE  
**SCORCHING** OF HIS **FLESH**!

WHAT ABOUT  
THE **PIT**?

THE **PIT**? WHAT  
DO YOU KNOW OF  
THE **PIT**?

I HAVE HEARD IT  
MENTIONED IN **WHISPERS**  
BY **AGITATED SERVANTS**!

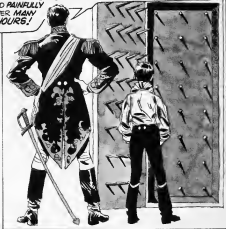
IN **WHISPERS**, EH? YES--WELL--THAT IS **WHY** THE  
PIT EXISTS--BECAUSE IT IS A **THREAT** TO ANY MAN  
WHO BREAKS MY LAWS--**EVERY MAN FEARS THE PIT**!

-- I WILL **DEMONSTRATE** FOR YOU!

**GUARD-- BRING ME A THIEF-- I WILL JUDGE**  
**HIM HERE AND NOW, IN THE**  
**PRESENCE OF MY SON,**  
**AS A DEMONSTRATION!**



THIS IS THE **COFFIN OF NAILS**--VARIOUSLY CALLED  
THE **IRON MISTRESS** AND THE **HELL-BOX**--  
--THE **PRISONER** IS PUT INTO THE **BOX**--WHEN THE  
**DOOR** IS CLOSED THESE **SHARP SPIKES ENTER HIS BODY**--  
THEY DO NOT CAUSE **IMMEDIATE DEATH**, RATHER THEY CAUSE  
THE VICTIM TO **DIE SLOWLY**  
AND **PAINFULLY**  
OVER **MANY HOURS**!



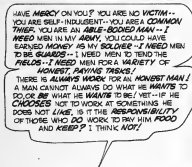
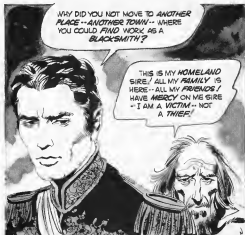
HAVE **MERCY**  
ON ME **SIRE**!

PERHAPS I OUTLINE  
YOUR **CRIME** FOR ME  
AND I WILL DECIDE  
WHETHER TO BE  
**MERCIFUL** OR NOT!

I **SOLE** FOOD TO  
**FEED** MY FAMILY-- THEY  
WERE **STARVING**-- I **SOLE**  
SOME **FOOD** FROM YOUR  
**STORES**, **SIRE**!

TELL ME-- **WHY**  
WERE YOUR FAMILY  
**STARVING**? DID YOU  
NOT **WORK** TO  
**FEED** THEM?







WHAT IS AT  
THE **BOTTOM**  
OF THE **PIT**,  
FATHER?

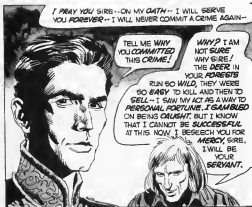
**SERPENTS AND LIZARDS**  
-- **ABOMINATIONS** I  
HAVE HAD BROUGHT FROM  
**MANY LANDS**-- THEY  
SERVE ME VERY WELL--



NOW I WILL MAKE **ANOTHER**  
**DEMONSTRATION** FOR YOU--  
**GUARD-- BRING ME ANOTHER**  
**PRISONER-- THE POACHER**  
-- **BRING ME THE POACHER!**

SIRE, I  
**BEGEETH**  
THY **MERCY!**

YOU DO, EH? AFTER KILLING MY **DEER**  
IN MY **FOREST**, YOU **BEGEETH** MY **MERCY!**  
I WILL THROW YOU INTO THE **PIT**--  
AS I DID THE **THIEF OF FOOD**, WHO  
CHOSE **NOT TO WORK--**  
BUT TO **STEAL!**



I PRAY YOU SIRE--ON MY OATH-- I WILL SERVE  
YOU FOREVER-- I WILL NEVER COMMIT A CRIME AGAIN--

TELL ME WHY  
YOU COMMITTED  
THIS CRIME!

WHY? I AM  
NOT SURE  
WHY SIRE!  
THE **DEER** IN  
YOUR **FORESTS**  
RUN SO WILD, THEY WERE  
SO EASY TO KILL, AND THEN TO  
SELL-- I SAW MY ACT AS A WAY TO  
PERSONAL FORTUNE, I GAMBLUED  
ON BEING CAUGHT, BUT I KNOW  
THAT I CANNOT BE **SUCCESSFUL**  
AT THIS NOW, I **BEGEETH** YOU FOR  
**MERCY**, SIRE,  
I WILL BE  
YOUR  
**SERVANT**.



VERY WELL-- YOU ARE **FREE TO GO**, I AM  
**MERCIFUL** WHEN IT IS  
DEMONSTRATED A MAN IS  
HONEST ENOUGH TO ADMIT  
HIS ACT WAS A CRIME, AND  
WILL NOT REPEAT IT, GO  
--AND LET ME NEVER SET  
EYES UPON YOU AGAIN  
FOR SO LONG AS YOU LIVE,  
OR YOU WILL GO INTO  
THE **PIT!**

THANK YOU  
SIRE - YOU  
ARE INDEED  
A **MERCIFUL**  
**RULER!**

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND-- THE FIRST MAN WAS GUILTY OF SO SIMPLE A CRIME--YET THE SECOND MAN SEEMED SO GUILTY OF AN IMPORTANT CRIME.

THE FIRST MAN WAS IMMORAL-- IF HIS PHILOSOPHY SPREAD TO OTHER PEOPLE IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS-- SOON, NO ONE

WOULD WORK IF THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD LIVE BY TAKING FOOD THEY DID NOT NEED TO EARN--THE SECOND MAN WAS STUPID. HE WILL NOT REPEAT HIS CRIME, AND IF HE DOES, IT IS AN UNIMPORTANT CRIME ANYWAY-- AND MOST IMPORTANT HE WILL TELL EVERYONE HE MEETS ABOUT THE PIT, AND ABOUT THE MERCY OF JUSTICE IN THIS LAND AND ABOUT HOW MERCIFUL I WAS TO HIM!

YOU SEE, SON?

YES FATHER, I SEE!

HAS ANYONE WITNESSED HIM AS A WEREWOLF?

I SEE--WELL, THIS VERY NIGHT IS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON-- OBSERVE HIM TONIGHT-- IF HE CHANGES INTO A WEREWOLF--KILL HIM AND

THROW HIM INTO THE PIT--

NO SIRE--BUT THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAIN MURDERS IN THE VILLAGES, DURING THE CYCLE OF THE FULL MOON, THAT HAVE NOT BEEN NORMAL MURDERS--THE VICTIMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FOUND MUTILATED--THEIR THROATS RIPPED OUT AS IF BY SOME ANIMAL!

--IF HE DOES NOT CHANGE INTO A WEREWOLF-- THEN SIMPLY THROW HIM INTO THE PIT ALIVE, AND LET HIM GIVE MY SERPENTS A FEAST!

THIS DWARFED MAN -- WHY IS HE IMPRISONED?

HE IS NOT OF SANE MIND SIRE, HE BELIEVES HE IS A WEREWOLF!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM BEFORE! GUARD--WHO IS THIS PRISONER? WHAT IS HIS CRIME?

WHAT IS A WEREWOLF, FATHER?

YES FATHER, YOU HAVE TOLD ME THE MANY VAMPIRE MYTHS OF THIS COUNTRY--I KNOW THEM ALL-- BUT HOW DOES ONE BECOME A WEREWOLF?

OH!--THAT IS JUST A FOOLISH SICKNESS! SOME MEN BELIEVE THEY CAN CHANGE INTO WOLVES DURING THE FULL MOON-- THEY BECOME MINDLESS BEASTS AND SLAUGHTER INNOCENT PEOPLE TO SATISFY A STRANGE BLOOD LUST-- IT IS SIMILAR TO VAMPIRISM, YOU KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRISM, EH?

ONLY BY DRINKING THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER WEREWOLF-- IT IS ONLY A STUPID SUPERSTITION-- THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE MATTER!

~IN THE MAIN ROOMS, THE COUNTESS VLAD KISSES  
HER SON ON THE CHEEK AND BIDS HIM A GOOD  
NIGHT, THEN RETIRES TO HER CHAMBERS, AS HE  
RETIRES TO HIS--



~IN THE GREAT LIBRARY, THE MONARCH REVIEWS SOME  
PAPERS AND DRINKS SOME WINE-- SOON HE TOO  
WILL RETIRE--



~BELOW THE CASTLE, IN THE STRANGE  
SUBTERRANEAN DARKNESS OF THE PRISONS,  
THOUGH NO MOON SHINES IN, THOUGH NO  
FEATURES ARE ILLUMINATED IN THE CORRUPT  
BLACKNESS OF THE CELL, A MAN--HIDEOUSLY  
DEFORMED AT BIRTH-- BECOMES REBORN  
AGAIN-- HIS MIND LOSES IT'S REASON, HIS  
BODY CHANGES HORRIBLY, HIS VOICE  
BECOMES A SNARL--



~AND A WEREWOLF STALKS THE CASTLE VLAD!



-- IT GORGES -- SEARCHING FOR A  
VICTIM -- SEARCHING FOR A FEAST --



-- BUT NOT FOR A MALE VICTIM --  
WHERE IS THE THRILL -- THE  
SATISFACTION -- IN FEASTING  
UPON DRIED OLD FLESH? --



-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AIR IS  
SCENTED WITH THE FRAGRANCES  
OF A BEAUTIFUL AND YOUNG  
WOMAN! --



MY GOD!

FATHER -- WHAT  
IS IT? WHAT HAS  
IT DONE TO  
MOTHER?



IT IS THE ACCUSED WEREWOLF!  
-- AND HE HAS KILLED  
YOUR MOTHER -- MY  
BELOVED!





**DIE  
MONSTER  
DIE!**



**FATHER!**



**DRINK IT FATHER-- DRINK  
THE MONSTER'S BLOOD  
--YOU WILL STAY  
ALIVE-- YOU WILL  
LIVE AGAIN!**

**NO-- NO-- I DON'T  
WANT-- IT-- TAKE IT  
AWAY SON-- LET  
ME DIE!**





DIE? NO! WHY SHOULD YOU DIE WHEN YOU CAN LIVE?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- I-- DO NOT WANT-- TO LIVE AS A MONSTER-- THAT IS NO KIND OF A LIFE!



IT IS BETTER TO BE ALIVE THAN TO BE DEAD! I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE FATHER-- DRINK THIS-- DRINK THE BLOOD-- DRINK IT!

NO--DO NOT FORCE IT--DOWN MY THROAT-- I WILL NOT LIVE-- LIKE THAT MONSTER-- THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS-- YOU CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND SON-- A WEREWOLF IS A THING WITHOUT A MIND-- IT KILLS WHAT IT LOVES MOST-- WERE I A WEREWOLF I COUGH COUGH? I WOULD COUGH COUGH! YOU COUGH? I WOULD KILL YOU--



GOODBYE MY SON COUGH COUGH! I MUST-- DIE! I HAVE-- NO LIFE-- LEFT IN ME

YOU ARE WRONG! YOU ARE WRONG! WERE YOU TO DRINK THIS BLOOD YOU WOULD LIVE AGAIN!

NO--NO SON-- YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!



FATHER!



HE WAS RIGHT-- I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I DO NOT SEE HOW DEATH IS BETTER THAN LIFE OF ANY KIND!

I-- AM ALONE NOW-- IN THIS WORLD-- MY FATHER WAS WISE IN MANY WAYS-- BUT HE WAS A FOOL IN OTHER WAYS-- A FOOL-- HE COULD HAVE LIVED!



I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE-- NO ONE TO FEAR KILLING IF I TURN INTO A MINDLESS ANIMAL! I AM ALONE, AND HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR-- AND NOTHING TO LOSE! YOU ARE WRONG FATHER-- YOU ARE

WRONG!

-- DRACULA'S FATHER WOULD SAY THIS WAS THE END-- THAT HIS SON DIED WITH ME AND HIS WIFE ON THIS UNHOLY NIGHT--

BUT AS THE POPULACE OF WALLACHIA AND HALF THE WORLD KNOWS, ONLY TOO WELL-- THIS IS NOT THE END--

IT IS THE GRUESOME BEGINNING OF THE MONSTER

## Dracula







### THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!



# the **ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT** of **HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS**



... these pages are your opportunity to complete your library collections of SKYWALD'S weird masterworks ... prices are going up on these just about every day due to our stock dwindling FAST ... we WARNED you the end is near and on MANY of these titles it IS near ... if you value your collection ... order any missing numbers NOW ... tomorrow might be TOO LATE ...

make checks payable to:  
 THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
 mail to:  
 THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT  
 SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING  
 18 East 41st Street, rm. 1501  
 NEW YORK, CITY N.Y. 10017

... the archaic back issues vault holds a great variety of horror-mood masterworks ... if your collection is incomplete then ORDER what you need NOW — prices MUST go UP to meet the demand to make sure you get what you want while the prices remain LOW ...

... I enclose herewith \$ \_\_\_\_\_ which is for the archaic issues  
 I've indicated you should take out of the vault and RUSH to me ...  
 ... I enclose .40¢ postage and handling ...

PSYCHO #12—#16—#20—	Scream #7—	Nightmare #13—#17—	Nightmare Annual—
#1—#8—#13—#17—	#1—#4—#8—	#2—#9—#14—#18—	Crime-Machine #1—
#2—#10—#14—#18—	#2—#5—	#3—#11—#15—#19—	Psycho Annual—
#3—#11—#15—#19—	#3—#6—	#8—#12—#16—#20—	Hell-Rider #1—
			Hell-Rider #2—

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY AND ALL ELSE \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian and foreign orders are accepted, but all orders must be made out to UNITED STATES FUNDS (indicate "U.S. FUNDS" on checks or money orders).



PSYCHO #1 ... \$5.00



PSYCHO #2 ... \$4.00



PSYCHO #3 ... \$3.50



PSYCHO #8 ... \$2.75



PSYCHO #10 ... \$2.50



PSYCHO #11 ... \$2.25



PSYCHO #12 ... \$2.25



PSYCHO #13 ... \$2.00



PSYCHO #14 ... \$2.00



PSYCHO #15 ... \$1.75



PSYCHO #16 ... \$1.50



PSYCHO #17 ... \$1.50



PSYCHO #18 . . . \$1.25



PSYCHO #19 . . . \$1.25



PSYCHO #20 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #1 . . . \$4.00



SCREAM #2 . . . \$3.00



SCREAM #3 . . . \$2.00



SCREAM #4 . . . \$1.50



SCREAM #5 . . . \$1.50



SCREAM #6 . . . \$1.25



SCREAM #7 . . . \$1.00



SCREAM #8 . . . \$1.00



PSYCHO ANNUAL \$3.00



NIGHTMARE ANNUAL \$3.00



HELL-RIDER #1 \$3.00



HELL-RIDER #2 \$3.50



CRIME-MACHINE #1 \$3.00



NIGHTMARE #2 . . . \$4.



NIGHTMARE #3 . . . \$3.50



NIGHTMARE #8 . . . \$2.50



NIGHTMARE #9 . . . \$2.25



NIGHTMARE #11 . . . \$2.25



NIGHTMARE #12 . . . \$2.



NIGHTMARE #13 . . . \$2.



NIGHTMARE #14 . . . \$2.



NIGHTMARE #15 . . . \$1.75



NIGHTMARE #16 . . . \$1.50



NIGHTMARE #17 . . . \$1.50



NIGHTMARE #18 . . . \$1.25



NIGHTMARE #19 . . . \$1.



NIGHTMARE #20 . . . \$1.

... LIVING IN PARIS DURING THE SPRING AND PART OF THE SUMMER OF 1866, I THERE BECAME FRIENDS WITH A MONSIEUR C. AUGUSTE DUPIN... A YOUNG MAN OF EXTRAORDINARY INTELLECT... AN ANALYTICAL GENIUS... THE ONLY MIND IN ALL FRANCE WHO COULD SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF:

# EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

THO HIS MIND WAS THE RICHEST I HAVE EVER KNOWN, HIS POCKET WAS POOR, AND SO HE CAME TO LIVE WITH ME IN MY OWN GLOOMY HOUSE--A TIME EATEN AND GROTESQUE MANSION...



...IT WAS A FREAK OF FANCY IN MY FRIEND TO LOVE THIS NIGHT... AND OFTEN WE WOULD STROLL ABOUT DURING THE VERY EARLY MORNING HOURS... I WOULD LISTEN TO HIM AS HE THOUGHT OUT LOUD OF VARIOUS MATTERS, AND I CAME TO BELIEVE MY FRIEND'S BRAIN WAS OF DISEASED INTELLIGENCE...



ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

...ON ONE SUCH NIGHT WE PASSED BY THE RUE MORGUE, AND OVERHEARD LOUD SCREAMINGS FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THE POLICE WERE RUNNING ABOUT AND THERE WAS MUCH ACTIVITY... IT SEEMED THERE HAD BEEN SEVERAL TERRIBLE MURDERS, AND THE POLICE WERE LOST TO EXPLAIN THEM...



...WHAT EXACTLY HAD HAPPENED WAS UNKNOWN. THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE WAS THE MOST BIZARRE EVENT IN A HUNDRED YEARS.



...THE NEWSPAPER THE FOLLOWING DAY  
SPECULATED WILDLY...

"EXTRA-ORDINARY  
MURDERS - THIS  
MORNING AT 3  
O'CLOCK A SERIES  
OF TERRIFIC  
SHRIEKS CAME  
FROM THE RUE  
MORQUE  
APARTMENTS  
OF MADAME  
L'ESPANAYE AND  
HER DAUGHTER  
MADEMOISELLE  
CAMILLE  
L'ESPANAYE...

... AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES NEIGHBORS  
FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH  
THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT WITH A  
CROWBAR...

...THE SCENE THEY WITNESSED WAS HIDEOUSLY  
UGLY... THE APARTMENT WAS IN RUIN... BLOOD  
WAS ALL ABOUT AND ON A CHAIR LAY A RAZOR,  
SMEARED WITH BLOOD...

...ON THE FLOOR WERE FOUND VALUABLE  
POSSESSIONS -- TOPAZ EAR-RINGS, THREE  
SILVER SPoons, AND TWO BAGS  
CONTAINING NEARLY 4,000 FRANCS OF  
GOLD...

"...A SEARCH WAS MADE AND (HORRIBLE TO RELATE) THE CORPSE OF THE DAUGHTER, HEAD DOWNWARD, WAS FOUND STUFFED UP THE FIREPLACE CHIMNEY...IT WAS STILL WARM..., AND NEWLY DEAD...

...IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, IN A SMALL YARD, LAY THE CORPSE OF THE OLD LADY, WITH HER THROAT CUT SO ENTIRELY THAT...



...UPON AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER, THE HEAD FELL OFF...



...THE BODY, AS WELL AS THE HEAD, WAS FEARFULLY MUTILATED - THE HEAD SO MUCH SO AS HARDLY TO LOOK HUMAN...



"O THIS HORRIBLE MYSTERY THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE."

...THE POLICE CONDUCTED INTERVIEWS WITH THE TENANTS OF THE BUILDING...



HIDORE MURET,  
GENDARME (POLICEMAN)



HENRY DUVAL,  
SILVERSMITH



WILLIAM BIRD,  
TAILOR



ALFONSO GARCIA,  
UNDERTAKER



ALBERTO MONTANI,  
CONFECTIONER



PAUL DUMAN,  
INVESTIGATING  
PHYSICIAN



THIS NEWSPAPER  
TESTIMONY REVEALS  
SOME INTERESTING  
FACTS, MY FRIEND...

AH YES! BUT THAT  
IS THE POINT... AND  
THE SINGLE IMPORTANT  
CLUE WE HAVE TO  
THE MURDERS...

I DON'T SEE  
WHAT IT REVEALS,  
AUGUSTE...  
NOBODY SAYS THE  
SAME THING!



YOU KNOW, MY FRIEND, I THINK I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE POLICE INVESTIGATOR... GRISOIRE... HE IS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE...

YOU WANT TO BECOME INVOLVED IN THE INVESTIGATION?

...IT WILL AFFORD US SOME AMUSEMENT...

"...THE MEETING WAS STRANGE... A POOR MAN IN RAGS BEING WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS BY THE PREFECT OF POLICE..."



AUGUSTE... ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HELPING US?

YES... MAY WE LOOK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?

OF COURSE... SO AHEAD. LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND ANYTHING WE OVERLOOKED.

"...IT WAS A STRANGE REMARK FOR THE POLICEMAN TO MAKE-- ADMITTING HE MIGHT HAVE OVERLOOKED A CLUE-- I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS A JOKE-- BUT AS I OBSERVED HOW CLOSELY DUPIN ANALYZED THE SCENE I REALIZED GRISOIRE'S COMMENT WAS ONE OF RESPECT."



"...I OBSERVED HIM ALMOST TURN THE PLACE UPSIDE DOWN..."



YOU KNOW THE MOST BAFFLING THING ABOUT THIS CASE?  
...HOW DID HE, OR 'IT',  
...GET OUT?...

HOW DID HE GET OUT?



YES... YOU SEE... THE WINDOWS OVERLOOK THE STREET... WE ARE FOUR FLOORS UP... THERE IS NO WAY HE COULD CLIMB DOWN...

...AND HE COULDN'T LEAVE BY THE FRONT DOOR BECAUSE THE NEIGHBORS WERE COMING UP...





...THAT FLAGPOLE...  
A WAY TO SWING  
IN AND OUT OF  
THE APARTMENT...

NO... HE  
WAS NOT AN  
ACROBAT!

TO SWING  
IN? WAS OUR  
MURDERER  
AN  
ACROBAT?



YOU HAVE  
AN IDEA  
THEN?

...SO SOON?  
...THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

YES... I KNOW  
WHO THE  
MURDERER  
WAS!

...NOT SO  
IMPOSSIBLE  
AS THE CRIME  
ITSELF...  
...COME... LET'S  
LOOK AT THESE  
FACTS...



WALK DOWN  
IN R. 102 R. 20.  
THE MURDER  
IS REPEATED.



WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

I WAS DIRECTING  
THE BOY TO TAKE A  
MESSAGE TO THE  
GAZETTE  
ADVERTISING  
SUPPLEMENT...

...I AM NOW WAITING TO  
BE CONTACTED BY THE  
MURDERER... OR AT LEAST,  
IF NOT THE MURDERER...  
HIS "FRIEND"...



I AM AT A  
COMPLETE LOSS  
FOR WORDS!

COME... LET'S  
WALK... AND WE'LL  
DISCUSS THE CASE!



LET US GO TO  
OUR HOUSE...  
HE WILL COME  
THERE...

OH YES... IT'S  
NOT SO  
MYSTERIOUS...

HE WILL  
COME TO US?



LET ME POSE  
YOU SEVERAL QUESTIONS...  
AND THEN YOU TELL ME  
WHAT YOU THINK...  
FIRST, THE MURDERER ENTERED  
AND LEFT THE APARTMENT THROUGH  
THE WINDOW... WHICH IS FOUR  
STORIES FROM THE GROUND... HE  
EITHER JUMPED IN OR SWUNG  
IN THROUGH THE WINDOW...

...MMMMH...

NOW THE LAST POINT--  
THE STRENGTH WITH WHICH  
HE WRECKED THE APARTMENT...  
THE POWER OF LIMB NEEDED TO  
STUFF THE WOMAN UP THE  
CHIMNEY AND CARRY THE OLD  
WOMAN OUT THE IMPOSSIBLE  
WINDOW TO THE STREET...  
AND IN ALL OF THIS... WE ARE  
COMPLETELY WITHOUT ANY  
MOTIVE OR REASON FOR THE  
MURDER...  
...WELL NOW... WHAT DO YOU  
MAKE OF IT?

THE APARTMENT WAS IN  
SUCH DISORDER AS TO LET US  
THINK THE MURDERER WAS  
SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING...  
BUT... GOLD AND VALUABLES WERE  
LEFT LYING UNTOUCHED... SO  
...WE BELIEVE NOW THAT EITHER HE  
WAS INEPT TO WRECK THE  
APARTMENT OR... OR WAS NOT  
OF 'NORMAL' MIND...

...NEXT... WE OBSERVE THAT NO ONE  
COULD IDENTIFY WHAT LANGUAGE  
HE SPOKE-- TO BE LOGICAL... WE  
MUST PRESUME THAT WHAT HE  
SPOKE WAS NOT ANYTHING AT  
ALL... HE DID NOT SPEAK 'A LANGUAGE'...



WELL-- NOTHING  
MAKES ANY SENSE! /  
ALL FACTS INDICATE THE  
MURDERER WAS A  
SUPER-STRONG MAN...  
...THE FACTS INDICATE HE WAS  
HARDY OF A MIND AT ALL...  
...NOT EVEN HUMAN...

EXACTLY!  
...THE MURDERER  
WAS NOT A  
HUMAN BEING!





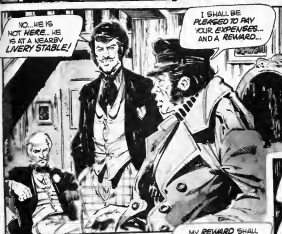
WHAT?  
NOT HUMAN?

QUIET NOW--TAKE  
THIS PISTOL--PUT IT  
UNDER YOUR COAT...  
...SIT DOWN QUIETLY...  
I EXPECT A VISITOR  
AT ANY MOMENT...

...ALMOST INSTANTLY THERE WAS  
A KNOCK AT MY DOOR... IT WAS A  
SAILOR...

COME IN... I  
SUPPOSE YOU  
HAVE CALLED  
ABOUT THE  
ORANGS-OUTAND!  
A FINE BEAST...  
HOW OLD IS HE?

...OH... HE CAN'T  
BE MORE THAN  
FOUR OR FIVE  
YEARS OLD. DO  
YOU HAVE HIM  
HERE? I READ  
YOUR  
ADVERTISEMENT  
IN THE PAPER  
SAYING YOU HAD  
HIM CAPTURED...



NO... HE IS  
NOT HERE... HE  
IS AT A NEARBY  
LIVERY STABLE!

I SHALL BE  
PLEASUED TO PAY  
YOUR EXPENSES...  
AND A REWARD...

DO NOT ATTEMPT  
TO ESCAPE... OR  
WE WILL FIRE OUR  
PISTOLS AT YOU...

IT WASN'T ME...  
IT WASN'T MY  
FAULT... I SWEAR  
IT TO GOD...  
...I SWEAR IT...

MY REWARD SHALL  
BE THIS! YOU SHALL  
GIVE ME ALL THE  
INFORMATION IN  
YOUR POWER ABOUT  
THESE MURDERS  
IN THE RUE MORGUE...

I KNOW IT  
WASN'T YOUR  
FAULT... COME  
AND SIT DOWN...

WHAT?





"...THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A MISTAKE FOR AT THE WHIP HE FLED THE HOUSE INTO THE NIGHT... I CHASED AFTER HIM FOR SEVERAL STREETS..."



"...WE ENTERED THE RUE MORBUE... AND OPENING A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF MADAME L'ESPANAYE AND HER DAUGHTER, BOUND UP THE WALL, SWINGING INTO THE WINDOW FROM THE FLAGPOLE... I THEN HEARD LOUD, AWFUL SCREAMING FROM WITHIN..."



"...I MANAGED TO CLIMB UP THE FLAGPOLE, AND THO I COULD NOT GET IN THE WINDOW I COULD JUST SEE INSIDE... I ALMOST LOST MY HOLD THROUGH AN EXCESS OF HORROR AT WHAT I SAW..."



"...THE WOMEN WERE AIDEDLY SCREAMING..."

"...THE ANIMAL HAD SEIZED MADAME L'ESPANAYE BY HER HAIR AND WAS FLOURISHING THE RAZOR ABOUT HER FACE... IMITATING THE MOTIONS OF A BARBER..."



"...THE SIGHT OF BLOOD INFLAMED ITS ANGER INTO FRENZY...

GNASHING ITS TEETH AND FLASHING FIRE FROM ITS EYES, IT FLEW UPON THE BODY OF THE GIRL AND... AND IMBEDDED ITS FEARFUL TALONS INTO HER THROAT...

...NOT LETTING GO TILL SHE DIED..."



"...THEN CARRIED THE OLD WOMAN ON ITS BACK OUT THE WINDOW AS IT LEAPED TO THE GROUND THE FULL FOUR STOREYS... WHEN IT SAW ME--IT DROPPED THE BODY... AND FLED INTO THE NIGHT..."



"...IT THEN DRAGGED THE BODY OF THE DAUGHTER ABOUT THE ROOM... DEMOLISHING FURNITURE..."

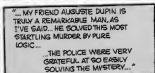


"...IN CONCLUSION... IT SEIZED THE CORPSE OF THE GIRL AND THRUST IT UP THE CHIMNEY..."



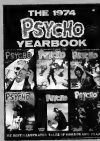
...AND I HAVE NOT SEEN IT SINCE...











NIGHTMARE WINTER SPECIAL \$3.00

NIGHTMARE 1974 YEARBOOK \$1.75

PSYCHO 1974 YEARBOOK \$1.75

NIGHTMARE SUMMER SPECIAL \$1.50

PSYCHO FALL SPECIAL \$1.50

## the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT of HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS

mail to:

THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT  
SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING  
18 East 41st Street - 10th Floor  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

## LIBRARY BOXES

... you too can have a library like this! ... a  
degenerating, rotting, wretched DISORGANIZED  
mess! ...

each case holds 12 complete copies of **PSYCHO** or  
**NIGHTMARE** in perfect mint condition ... easily accessible  
when you want 'em ... not bound-in to the case like  
cheaper binders ... **HANDSOME DURABLE**



send coupon to:  
JESSE JONES BOX CORP  
POST OFFICE BOX 5120  
DEPT.-ARCHAIC P & N  
PHILADELPHIA PA

19141

...for your library of the macabre...

... preserve your **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** issues in these handsome  
library cases, made of heavy book-binders board covered with soft-  
resistant, simulated, dull, grotesque, black leather ... binding is  
embossed on the fat spine in awful silver, and each case comes  
complete with a silver transfer so you can custom the case by  
printing your name ... order direct from the macabre manufacturer ...

## Keep your back issues in perfect A-1 condition

... custom cases are \$4.25 each ... we pay postage ...  
... I have enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in archaic money

for: **NIGHTMARE** case \_\_\_\_\_  
**PSYCHO** case \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City and other stuff: \_\_\_\_\_

Get your macabre library organized and off  
the floor where the rats have been  
chewing your magazines to shreds ...

order more than one of each to keep your complete collection  
housed in these beautiful, protective library cases ... an absolute  
**MUST** for the library of any genuine, true-blue, die-hard comics collector  
... **INEXPENSIVE ... WILL LAST A LIFETIME OF USE ...**

**They're comin' to get you, and when they catch you  
they're gonna KILL you!**



**TALES OF EVIL SPECIAL EDITION**

There is a place, somewhere in these Americas, called Hume-on-the-Lake — it is probably the most bizarre town on the face of this earth; for there is a story connected with every living, or dead being, in this corrupt village-out-of-hell. Ten tales, all inter-related, all linked together in a macabre way by more than one common denominator. It's a special issue coming up, complete with a centerfold map to let you see exactly what's happening and where. Innovation plus, from the HORROR-MOOD, where we're holding the line at 75¢ and still offer you more original stories and art than anyone else at ANY price.



## the Art of killing Human Monsters, photo-illustrated

There are so many lessons teaching self-defence in books, magazines, on television, and through many live courses available, it's becoming practically essential these days that a person take **SOME** kind of course—or other to protect himself from all the **OTHER** nuts taking these violence-courses. One of our competitor's magazines is giving you a Karate-type course, printing photographs showing how you can kick people in the stomach, face and other places, with a minimum of effort. We don't believe magazines of that sort should be on display for young children, which they are, and we certainly would never publish anything of that sort whether it's a big fad or not. What we will publish however, is this light-hearted little spoof-feature on the gentle art of protecting yourself against obvious undesirable vampires, werewolves, ghouls and other monsters. Which, you must admit, is a good reason for calling this feature: **THE ART OF KILLING HUMAN MONSTERS, Illustrated.**



**ABOVE**, you will observe one of the most popular methods of killing **MAD DOCTORS, CANNIBALS** and **FIENDS-IN-GENERAL** — **REMOVE THE MONSTER'S HEAD!** There are a variety of things you can do with the head after it is removed, such as shrinking it, but that's not pertinent to this feature. **TO THE LEFT**, you will observe the best and fastest way of killing a **WITCH. BURN THE MONSTER ALIVE!** This has been very successful for several centuries.



ABOVE, you will note one of many ways of killing a WEREWOLF — BEAT THE MONSTER TO DEATH WITH A SILVER STICK! The drawback to this method is that the werewolf is liable to beat YOU to death with his bare fist first.

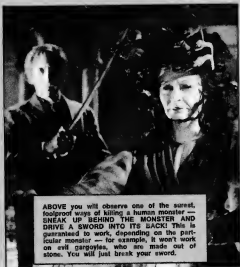


A rare and very difficult way to kill a LUNATIC APE is pictured above — HYPNOTIZE THE MONSTER, THEN ORDER HIM TO KILL HIMSELF! There are several obvious drawbacks to this method, not the least of which is that lunatic apes usually aren't very susceptible to hypnosis. You could try it anyway! Drop us a note and let us know how it works out!

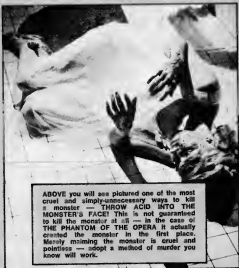


The best way to rid yourself and your loved ones from annoying LIVING MUMMIES is pictured above — SET THE MONSTER ON FIRE! This method has proved eminently successful for several thousand years. The question of battling living mummies would never have ARISEN if someone hadn't PREMATURELY BURIED them in the first place, which is ANOTHER way to kill a monster!

You will note **BELOW** one of the **SLOWEST** ways of killing a monster — **FREEZE THE MONSTER TO DEATH!** This is not the best way — eventually he de-thaws and you have to start all over again.



**ABOVE** you will observe one of the surest, foolproof ways of killing a human monster — **SNEAK UP BEHIND THE MONSTER AND DRIVE A SWORD INTO ITS BACK!** This is guaranteed to work, depending on the particular monster — for example, it won't work on evil gargoyles, who are made out of stone. You will just break your sword.



**ABOVE** you will see pictured one of the most cruel and simply-unnecessary ways to kill a monster — **THROW ACID INTO THE MONSTER'S FACE!** This is not guaranteed to kill the monster at all — in the case of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** it actually created the monster in the first place. Merely maiming the monster is cruel and pointless — adopt a method of murder you know will work.

We sincerely hope you will never have to use any of these methods, because we hope you will never have the problem of having to kill a human monster. From time to time, however, it happens that a monster needs killing, and so we hope you'll save this feature for reference purposes.

**A WORD OF WARNING:** Do **NOT** practice or rehearse any of these artful methods on parents, friends or teachers. There are much **BETTER** ways of dealing with **THOSE** fiends, which we will cover in **ANOTHER** feature some-time.

— presented as a public service feature —



the Little  
Horror-Mood  
Shop of Horrors  
**HORROR  
MASKS**

of classic horror characters



WEREWOLF ☐



APE ☐



THING ☐



DEMON ☐



GRUNT ☐



GHOUL ☐



MAD PROFESSOR ☐

DIRECT FROM THE  
MANUFACTURER — LOW COST  
— HIGH QUALITY — DURABLE  
and other-wise good. Don't waste  
your money on cruddy imitations  
and inferior products — order  
these genuinely ALL-ORIGINAL,  
HIGHLY - IMAGINATIVE, CUS-  
OM-MADE horror-masks and re-  
ceive them directly to your house  
through the mails FAST. MADE  
OF STRONG, HEAVY LATEX  
RUBBER.

check the  
mask(s) of your choice

We invite you to COMPARE both the QUALITY and the  
PRICE of our masks with those advertised in other maga-  
zines. The price is \$34.95 per mask, plus a low \$1.25  
postage. A fair price for a great product. ORDER NOW for  
SPEEDY DELIVERY in time for your favorite occasion. All  
checks and money orders must be made payable in U.S.  
funds — yes, we ship out the country, but ORDER NOW.

THE LITTLE HORROR-MOOD SHOP OF HORRORS  
THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
1B East 41st, Room 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City n' all else \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ masks as indicated  
above, plus \$1.25 postage for each mask.




DORETTA, SPINN—'25/4, A SMALL  
AND PURGANT VILLAGE—NOT  
UNLIKE MOST OTHERS...

...TIL NIGHT FALLS...

...THEN THE FRIEND COMES  
OUT OF HIS CRYPT—THE  
MONSTER—THE  
VAMPIRE...



...SEARCHING FOR A  
VICTIM TO SATIATE  
HIS UNHOLY LUSTS...



...WHO THE MONSTER IS THE  
TOWNFOLK DO NOT KNOW—FOR  
ANYONE COMING FACE TO FACE  
WITH HIM UNDER THE MOONLIGHT  
DOES NOT LIVE TO TELL WHO THE  
FRIEND IS...

...SO HE GOES UNDETECTED—NIGHT  
AFTER NIGHT AFTER GHASTLY NIGHT...



WE MUST DO  
SOMETHING!

GENTLEMEN-- IS  
YOUR MAYOR I  
ASSURE YOU THAT--

--MAYOR-- THE ONLY THING YOU  
CAN ASSURE US OF IS THAT YOU'RE  
FRIGHTENED YOU WON'T WIN THE NEXT  
ELECTION IF THESE VAMPIRE MURDERS  
AREN'T SOLVED!-- AND YOU'RE RIGHT--  
YOU WON'T BE RE-ELECTED IF YOU DON'T  
GET THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY OFF  
THEIR KUMPS TO FIGURE OUT WHO  
THE CREEP IN OUR MIST IS!



--AND JUST NOW  
DO WE DO THAT  
MAYOR?

WELL-- FIRST-- BY  
FIGURING OUT WHO IT  
IS-- I MEAN-- EITHER IT IS  
ONE OF US OR IT ISN'T  
--SO LET US TRY TO FIGURE  
OUT WHO THE MOST  
LOGICAL SUSPECT IS!

WE KNOW JUST ABOUT EVERY CITIZEN OF THIS TOWN  
--NOW WHO COULD IT BE-- IF HE IS A VAMPIRE HE  
FEARS THE DAYLIGHT-- IS THERE  
A SINGLE ONE OF US WHO IS  
NEVER SEEN  
IN DAYLIGHT?

WELL OLD  
JOSE FERNANDO  
IS NEVER SEEN IN  
DAYLIGHT-- HE'S  
THE ONLY ONE--

...OH!--

DIDN'T YOU HEAR?  
OLD JOSE DIED A FEW  
MONTHS AGO... HE WAS  
IN BED FOR 2 YEARS  
-- THAT'S WHY WE  
NEVER SAW HIM!

GENTLEMEN--THE  
MORE I THINK ABOUT IT  
THE MORE I COME TO  
REALIZE IT IS NOT  
ONE OF US!

WELL WHO  
IS IT THEN?

TO MY WAY OF  
THINKING IT CAN  
BE ONLY ONE  
MAN--



--OH, THE  
STRANGER EH?

YES RICARDO--THE  
STRANGER-- IT CAN ONLY BE  
THE STRANGER IN TOWN...

RAFAEL I ASSURE YOU THE POLICE DO  
WHAT THEY CAN-- BUT IT IS A SMALL  
TOWN AND ONLY 2 MEN CONSTITUTE  
OUR POLICE FORCE...  
...THAT IS WHY I CALLED THIS MEETING  
TONIGHT-- BECAUSE WE MUST FORM A  
VIGILANTE COMMITTEE AND SOLVE  
THESE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS  
OURSELVES!



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
PAUL PUEYO

# THE Stranger IS THE Vampire







..CORRETTA, SPRING-- 1814-- A SMALL AND PLEASANT VILLAGE-- BUT IN ONE RESPECT IT IS *UNLIKE ANY OTHER*...

... HE NEVER COMES OUT OF HIS ROOM...

..ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO RESIDENTS KNOW FEAR-- ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO THEY WATCH THE *EVERY* MOVE OF A CERTAIN NOBLED VISITOR WHO IS IN CORRETTA FOR NO KNOWN REASON...

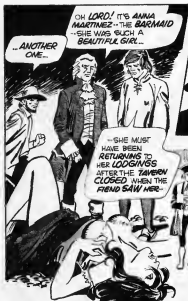


..SURELY HE WOULD KNOW..

..HIS EVERY MOVE HAS TWO MEANINGS--

..NOW, OF COURSE, THE QUESTION ARISES IF THE STRANGER REALLY IS A MURDERER-- HE IS A MAN OF GREAT POWER AND INTELLIGENCE, AND SURELY HE WOULD KNOW IF HE WAS BEING WATCHED--





...ANOTHER ONE...

OH LORD! IT'S ANNA MARTINEZ--THE BARMAN  
--SHE WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL...

--SHE MUST HAVE BEEN RETURNING TO HER LODGINGS AFTER THE TAVERN CLOSED WHEN THE FIEND SAW HER--



SO-- WHO WAS WATCHING THE STRANGER AT THIS HOUR?

...IT WAS VESBUS-- THE YOUNG MAN VESBUS COLLADO...

SO FETCH HIM-- WHEREVER HE IS-- LET US FIND OUT WHAT THE STRANGER WAS DOING...



THIS LEAVES US NO ALTERNATIVE--

HE'S DEAD-- I FOUND HIM CRUMPLED BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THIS BUILDING AND THE ADJOINING HOTEL-- IN A SMALL ALLEY--

--HIS THROAT HAS BEEN ATTACKED  
--HIS BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS BODY--  
--HE FELL VICTIM HIMSELF TO THE VAMPIRE--

IT IS NEARLY DAWN-- WE'LL ROUST THE STRANGER OUT OF HIS BED-- IF HE IS IN BED-- AND DRAG HIM OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT-- WE HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM IN SUNLIGHT HAVE WE? NO-- I AM CERTAIN NOW WE WILL HAVE OUR PROOF-- LET'S GET THE VAMPIRE!











I GOT HIM--  
I GOT HIM--  
HELP ME--  
HE'S TOO  
STRONG!

IT'S THE OLD MAN WHO DIED  
A FEW MONTHS AGO -- OLD  
JOSE FERNANDO--  
--IT WAS HIM ALL ALONG-- AND  
THE STRANGER WAS  
INNOCENT--

LORD ABOVE  
--YOU SEE WHO  
IT IS?

WHERE IS HE?  
WHERE IS THE  
STRANGER?

--I'M GLAD  
HE'S NOT HERE--  
I WOULDN'T  
WANT TO HAVE  
TO LOOK HIM IN  
THE FACE! WE  
ALMOST KILLED  
AN INNOCENT  
MAN!





—THE LIGHT  
—STREAMING  
IN THE  
WINDOW!—

LORD SATAN! THAT  
WAS A CLOSE CALL—  
—IF THEY HAD DRAGGED ME  
INTO THE SUNLIGHT I WOULD  
HAVE LIVED ONLY MINUTES  
UNDER ITS RAYS!— MY  
IDENTITY IS SAFE—

THANK GOODNESS HE WAS  
A LOW-CLASS VAMPIRE—  
—THE VARIETY-TYPE WALKING  
DEAD MAN— HE MUST HAVE  
HAD A COFFIN SOMEWHERE—  
...WHAT A MISERABLE LIFE HE  
MUST HAVE LED— AT LEAST I  
DO NOT HAVE TO SEARCH OUT  
A COFFIN EVERY DAWN—  
—I CAN SLEEP IN COMFORT  
LIKE ANY MAN OF  
NOBLE BLOOD...

I KNEW NOT WHY THEY  
HAD SET MEN TO WATCH ME  
— WHEN I QUESTIONED THAT  
POOR FOOL IN THE ALLEY HE WAS  
FORCED TO ADMIT THEY SEARCHED  
OUT A VAMPIRE MURDERER—  
—BUT THOUGH I AM A VAMPIRE, I  
COMMITTED NO ACTS IN THIS TOWN  
— EXCEPT THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG  
MAN WHO WAS FOLLOWING ME—  
— I KNEW IT WAS NOT I THEY BOUGHT  
— YET IF THEY DRAGGED ME INTO THE  
SUNLIGHT — WOULD'VE HAD PRECIOUS  
LITTLE CHANCE TO PROVE  
MY INNOCENCE...





...WE BEGIN  
CHAPTER TWO...

...I AM  
A SLAVE TO A  
FIEND...  
I AM A LACKEY  
TO AN  
UNDEAD  
MONSTER...



WHO ARE YOU? WHEN  
DO YOU LIVE? WHERE  
DO YOU LIVE?...

...I AM... A  
SLAVE TO A  
MONSTER...



...IT'S NO GOOD...HE KEEPS REPEATING HIMSELF  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN...THERE'S SOMETHING  
IN HIS MIND STOPPING HIM FROM TELLING  
HIS STORY...

...WILL MY  
SON BE  
ALRIGHT  
DOCTOR?...  
WE BARBLES  
OUT TALES OF  
PREVIOUS  
LIVES THAT  
ARE WRETCHED  
AND  
HORRIBLE...



...HE IS A REINCARNATE MR. THURBER...  
HE WILL SPEAK OF HIS PREVIOUS LIVES...  
AND RE-LIVE THEM IN HIS MIND...  
...THERE LIES THE ONLY DANGER TO  
YOUR SON... IF PERHAPS HE CAN'T  
CLIMB BACK INTO HIS PRESENT  
EXISTENCE... THEN...  
HIS MIND WILL  
BE LOST...



...I AM... A SLAVE TO A MONSTER...  
THE GREATEST OF ALL FIENDS...  
THE MOST EVIL MAN WHO  
EVER LIVED... FOR HE  
IS AN UNDEAD...

NAME?... HIS NAME... IS... IS  
RASPUTIN... THE MAD  
MONK... AND I... AM HIS  
SLAVE... HIS SON... I AM  
THE SON OF RASPUTIN...

...AND HIS NAME?...  
WHAT IS HIS NAME?

...SO BEGINS THE 2ND TALE... IN THE  
HORROR SERIES:

WRITTEN BY ROWIE ANDERSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY BURAN

...TALES OUT OF HELL...  
...IN HIS MASTER'S  
BLOOD...



OH GOD SON...  
WHAT HORRORS  
ARE IN YOUR  
MIND?

... WHAT  
HORRORS DID  
HE LIVE?

... I DON'T KNOW  
WHO... MY MOTHER  
WAS... NO ONE SEEMED  
TO KNOW... MY FATHER  
-- IF HE REMEMBERED  
WOULDN'T TELL...



HE WAS... MANY THINGS  
-- TO MANY MEN... TO ME  
HE WAS NOT A FATHER  
-- BUT A MASTER... I  
WAS HIS SLAVE... AND  
KNEW WHAT HE WAS  
HE WAS -- A MONSTER

... THEY SAID... THE HYPNOTIC POWER OF HIS EYES WAS  
ENOUGH TO REDUCE ANY WOMAN IN RUSSIA -- OR  
STRIP THE SANITY OF ANY MAN... THEY  
WHO THOUGHT SUCH THOUGHTS KNEW  
NOT HOW HE ACQUIRED THIS POWER...

... BUT I DID... I DID... HE HAD THE SAME POWER (NO  
MORE AND NO LESS) THAN ALL THE OTHERS... ALL THE  
OTHER VAMPIRES... HE WAS A VAMPIRE -- AND ALL  
VAMPIRES HAVE THAT AWESOME POWER -- THOSE ANFUL  
HYPNOTIC EYES...



... BUT..  
HE WAS A  
FATHER TO ME..  
WHEN IT SUITED  
HIM... WHEN IT  
FLATTERED HIM TO  
THINK HE WAS HUMAN  
ENOUGH TO BE A FATHER --  
FOR HE WAS WRETCHED -- AND  
WISHED HE WAS MORE HUMAN  
THAN HE WAS...

... MY SON MYSHKIN..  
WILL YOU COME WITH ME  
INTO THE WOODS FOR A  
WALK WITH YOUR  
FATHER?



WHAT IS THE  
REASON FOR THIS  
WALK, FATHER?

...REASON? MUST  
THERE BE A REASON  
FOR A FATHER TO WALK  
WITH HIS SON?



... A BAT...

...WHAT IS  
THAT?... IN  
THE TREE?

...USH...IT'S  
AN UGLY  
THING...



UGLY?  
I HAVE CERTAIN  
POWERS YOU KNOW...  
I CAN CHANGE INTO  
SUCH A CREATURE...  
WOULD YOU CALL ME  
UGLY?

YOU  
FATHER...  
OH NO!

...I THINK  
YOU WOULD!



...WHAT DO YOU  
SAY NOW BOY?

PLEASE  
FATHER... DON'T  
TORMENT ME  
LIKE THIS!

TORMENT? WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW OF TORMENT... I HAVE  
SHIELDED YOU FROM THOSE  
FRIENDS OF MINE WHO WOULD  
LOVE TO DEVOUR SO INNOCENT  
A WHelp AS YOU...

... I DID NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT... AND CARED LESS AT THAT MOMENT... FOR HE BECAME SO ANGRY HE BEAT ME WITH HIS MONSTROUS WINGS AND WOULD NOT CEASE TILL I'D LOST CONSCIOUSNESS UNDER HIS VIOLENT BLOW.

THUS I GREW UP TO HATE HIM... I NOT ONLY WITNESSED HIS EVIL ACTS, I WAS MADE TO AID HIM...

... HE WOULD NEVER ADMIT I WAS HIS SON IN PUBLIC... BUT TOLD THEM I WAS A LACKEY-- HISTORY NO DOUBT, WILL HAVE NO RECORD OF RASPUTIN'S SON-- *MYSHKIN RASPUTIN*... IT WILL BE AS THO I WAS NOT BORN BUT CAME OUT OF THE DUST OF THE EARTH!

I GREW UP HATING MY FATHER-- DESPISING MY FATHER... WHEN I WAS 22 I WAS AS SUBORDINATE TO HIM AS I WAS AT HALF MY AGE... AND I RESOLVED TO KILL HIM...



... I STOOD OUTSIDE HIS BEDROOM DOOR ONE NIGHT, ARMED WITH THE MIGHTIEST AXE I COULD FIND-- MEANING TO BREAK IN AND SLICE OFF HIS HEAD...

... I MEANT TO KILL THAT MONSTER... I MEANT TO KILL THAT BLOOD FIEND THAT WAS MY FATHER.

NURSE... HELP MR. THURBER.

OH GOD... USH... USH...



ARE YOU ALRIGHT  
MR. THURBER?  
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YES--YES  
NURSE--I CAN'T  
HELP THINKING  
OF ME BEING  
THE BOY'S FATHER...  
...I CAN'T...  
ISOLATE THIS  
LIFE FROM  
HIS OTHER  
LIFE...



MAY I GIVE YOU THIS  
SEDATIVE MR. THURBER?  
IT WILL CALM YOUR  
NERVES...

NO...NO THANK  
YOU...I FELT A BIT ILL...  
I FIND THIS ALL HARD  
TO ACCEPT...WHAT MY  
SON SPEAKS OF NOW  
IS SO WRETCHED!...

YES...IT IS WRETCHED...  
BUT...DO NOT DESPAIR, FOR  
YOUR SON IN THE PRESENT.  
THESE TALES HE TELLS TOOK  
PLACE IN THE PAST...  
...IN HIS OWN MISERABLE  
PAST. BUT THEY ARE ALL  
DONE WITH NOW.  
MR. THURBER...IN  
1976 YOUR SON  
IS WALTER THURBER...  
NOT MYSHKIN  
RASPUTIN, HE IS  
ONLY THE SON OF  
THE MAD MONK  
IN HIS MIND...

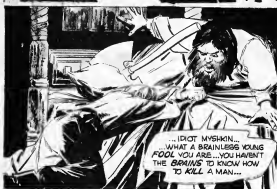


DON'T TOUCH  
HIM MR.  
THURBER...



I'LL KILL YOU  
--MONSTER--

I WANT  
TO KILL YOU  
FATHER...  
MONSTER...



"...IN RUSSIA DURING THIS TIME, WHICH WAS IN 1915, REVOLUTION AND ANARCHY WERE IN THE AIR, AND CONSPIRACIES WERE BEING MADE ON EVERY STREET CORNER IN MOSCOW... I FELL IN WITH AN ARISTOCRAT WHO DESIRED TO SEE MY FATHER DEAD--AND I AIDED HIM... THIS PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV... TO PLAN MY FATHER'S END..."

"...I BROUGHT MY FATHER TO PRINCE YUSUPOV'S APARTMENTS ONE NIGHT, WHERE RASPUTIN WAS GIVEN CAKE AND WINE EACH MADE LETHAL BY POISONOUS CYANIDE... BUT HE SEEMED TO COME ALIVE AT THE TASTE AND BECAME MORE DRUNK THAN DRUNK..."



"...EVEN WHEN YUSUPOV SHOT HIM IN HIS NECK WITH A PISTOL, HE DID NOT DIE, AND IT TOOK SEVERAL VOLLEYS FROM REVOLVERS TO MAKE HIM EVEN FAINT..."



"...THERE SEEMED NO WAY TO KILL HIM, SO WE BOUND HIS WRISTS AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE RIVER NEVA, WHERE A HOLE WAS CUT IN THE WINTER'S ICE... BUT BEFORE WE COULD DISPOSE OF THE BODY HE REVIVED AND BROKE ONE HAND FREE FROM HIS BONDS..."



"...THE MAN WILL NOT DIE... WE'LL HAVE TO POST GUARDS HERE SEVERAL DAYS LEAST HE SURVIVES DROWNING AND...

"...VAMPIRES CANNOT DIE BY BULLETS, OR BY DROWNING... I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO KILL HIM..."



"PERHAPS SATAN WILL RECLAIM HIM FROM THE WATERS AND TAKE HIM INTO HELL WHERE HE BELONGS..."

...I DID NOT FEEL **RELIEVED** AT ALL, BECAUSE I DID NOT BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD... AS I RETURNED ALONE TO THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER, I WAS ATTACKED BY ONE OF HIS MONSTROUS **FRIENDS**...



I NOW HAD THE **BLOODLUST** OF MY FATHER... AND NOW I WAS AS **IRRATIONALLY EVIL** AS HE... I ATTACKED MY FIRST VICTIM AND **KILLED HER**... A YOUNG GIRL FOR WHOM I PREVIOUSLY HAD HIGH MODEL REGARD...

...MY NECK WAS **RIPPED TO RIBBONS** AND MY **BLOOD SUCKED FROM MY VEINS**... WHEN THE **MONSTER** LEFT ME I WAS AWARE OF BEING **UNDEAD**... AND AWARE OF WHAT MY FATHER HAD **MEANT** WHEN HE **TOLD ME** HE WAS **PROTECTING** ME FROM **CERTAIN EVILS**...



...AND IN THE WAKE OF MY **MURDEROUS ACTION** I WAS FILLED WITH **GRIEF** AND **REMORSE** AND **GUILT**... AND WITH **NAUSEA** AT WHAT I'D **BECOME**...

...I WAS FILLED WITH A **SINGLE THOUGHT**...



...WE'VE GOT TO BE **DEAD**... I'VE GOT TO **KNOW** THAT MY FATHER IS **DEAD**... I'VE GOT TO SEE IT WITH MY **OWN EYES**...



"...I WENT BACK TO THE RIVER AND ENTERED THE GHASTLY FRIGID WATERS...THO THEY COULD NOT NOW KILL ME, THE TEMPERATURE CHOKED MY LUNGS AND RIPPED THE FLESH FROM MY FACE...

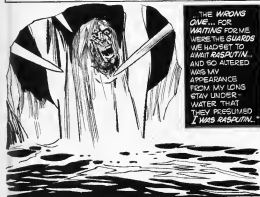


... I FOUND HIS BODY, DECAYED AND DETERIORATED, FLOATING AT THE TOP OF THE WATERS UNDER THE ICE COVERINGS...HE HAD DROWNED... HE HAD SEARCHED FOR AN OPENING IN THE ICE... AN EXIT...AND COULD NOT FIND ONE...HIS APPARITION WAS AN ABSOLUTE HORROR TO BEHOLD...

...WHEN I MADE TO LEAVE THE WATERS I COULD NOT FIND THE PLACE OF MY ENTRY...AND THOUGHT I WAS AS DOOMED AS RASPUTIN TO ETERNITY IN THIS FROZEN HELL...



...AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING I SAW A SMALL SHAFT OF LIGHT...I HAD FOUND AN OPENING...



"THE WARDS GIVE... FOR WAITING FOR ME WERE THE GUARDS WE HAD BET TO AVERT RASPUTIN...AND SO ALTERED WAS MY APPEARANCE FROM MY LONG STAY UNDER WATER THAT THEY PRESUMED I WAS RASPUTIN..."

I COULDN'T SPEAK...COULDN'T UTTER A SOUND...MY LUNGS WERE RIPPED TO SHREDS BY THE HARD FROZEN WATERS...AND THEY WERE ARMED WITH SWORDS WHICH THEY THRUST INTO ME!



OH MY SON... WHAT AGONIES YOU ARE IN...



...THEY HACKED ME  
AND CHOPPED WITH THOSE  
SWORDS TILL THERE WAS  
NOTHINGS LEFT OF ME BUT  
BITS OF FLYING BONE  
AND SHREDDED FLESH...



...THEY THOUGHT I WAS MY  
FATHER... THEY THOUGHT I WAS  
**RASPUTIN**... I COULD NOT ESCAPE  
MY FATHER IN LIFE OR IN DEATH...  
I WAS BORN IN HIS LUST AND WAS  
MURDERED IN HIS BLOOD...  
...MURDERED IN MY MASTER'S  
BLOOD...



...HE'S EXHAUSTED  
NOW... HE'LL  
SLEEP NOW...

SHOULDN'T  
HE BE IN A  
HOSPITAL...?

...YES... **NURSE**... MAKE  
ARRANGEMENTS TO HAVE THE BOY  
PICKED UP BY AN AMBULANCE AND  
TAKEN TO **GENERAL HOSPITAL**  
IMMEDIATELY... AND MAKE SURE  
THAT HE'S GIVEN A PRIVATE ROOM...



...GADE...  
GADE...

...WHAT IS THIS NOW...  
ANOTHER STORY...  
ANOTHER WRETCHED  
LIFE?

...I HOPE NOT... HE IS  
OVERTAKING HIS STRENGTH  
AS **WALTER THURBER**... HE'S  
IN NEED OF REST... **SLEEP**...

NEXT: JE SUIS LE **MARQUIS**  
DE **SADE**



I AM... **THE**  
**MARQUIS**  
DE **SADE**

NOW ON SALE

GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD  
MAGAZINE STORE



STILL 75¢

art from DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN by AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES



**Come to where the Horror is!  
Come to Horror-Mood Country!**